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Cherubini.

Memorials Illustrative of his Life. By Edward Bellasis.
(From the London Musical Standard.)

Cherubini—surely one of the great musicians—has had to wait a long time for a biographer. An effort has only now been made to supply anything like a complete account of this musician who, though born ten years before Beethoven, was alive and hearty within the recollection of the vast majority of our readers. The neglect of the compositions of this master is unaccountable except on one hypothesis only, namely, that but very few of them are known even to those who possess something more than an ordinary acquaintance with the standard works of the great composers. And yet, according to the admirable list compiled by Mr. Bellasis, Cherubini left no fewer than 430 compositions behind him, some of them being works of the greatest magnitude. In 1774, just a hundred years ago, he had written, *inter alia*, two masses and a cantata. In 1838 he produced a complete Requiem Mass (that in D minor) a work we may safely call unparalleled by any composer at the age of seventy-six. When death overtook the old musician, in 1842, he was still at work; indeed he had but hardly completed a canon composed for Ingres, who had painted the maestro's portrait now in the Luxembourg. Cherubini passed away at the age of eighty-two, a Nestor among musicians.

Contemporary with Haydn and Mozart, he was all but contemporary with Handel himself. Burney, the friend of Handel, mentions the young composer; it is worthy of note that he was invited to visit England in 1785, some years before Saloman prevailed upon Haydn to come to London. Cherubini during his long career saw the real rise and course of orchestral music. Indeed, he himself contributed in no small degree to the development of this department of the art. Though the assertion may perhaps surprise some of the devotees of Wagner, we have no hesitation in stating that the so-called music of the future took its origin from the distinguished head of the Paris Conservatoire. Wagner turned his residence in the French capital to good account; there he heard the extraordinary instrumentation of Berlioz; and there he studied the brilliant massiveness of Meyerbeer. Although the adherents of Wagner scout the idea of their chief borrowing from anyone, impartial critics must admit that these composers (together with the mystic Weber) have been his chief models. And if Wagner borrowed from these writers, is it not a fact that they themselves sat at the feet of Cherubini? The diligent student of Cherubini's scores will find over and over again treatment so original, and orchestral effects so novel, that he will be ready to turn to the title page to make sure that he has not mistaken works at least fifty years old for the latest productions of young Germany.

Prior to noticing Mr. Bellasis's book, we have written thus briefly on Cherubini, because we consider that he does not occupy that prominent position in the domain of music to which his unquestionable merits fairly entitle him. We need not stay now to remark on the causes of this, or to criticize in detail his special attributes; those will come under review farther on. The work under notice will not have been written in vain if it succeeds in directing more attention to the productions of this distinguished composer, whom Oulibicheff styles "the most accomplished musician of the nineteenth century."

At the outset we must state that Mr. Bellasis cannot be commended for the way in which he

has carried out his scheme. He writes in his Preface as follows:—"The idea of undertaking this work was suggested to me by the circumstance that the information published about Cherubini lies for the most part scattered in pamphlets, periodicals, and dictionaries." Precisely so. The materials for a life of Cherubini are singularly copious; all that was wanted was power to digest the information, and ability to put it together in a readable and connected form. This gift seems to have been denied to the author. He has diligently collected a vast mass of information, but exhibits deficiency in the art of condensing and arranging. The book will certainly be useful to the student, but the general reader will not be attracted by its heavy style, tiresome repetitions of the same fact, and tedious setting out of authorities. It is all very well to be able to give chapter and verse for all we state, but there must be a limit to this endless trotting out of authorities, otherwise we suffer from the painful halting common to annotated editions of Shakespeare, etc. We regret to have to write thus plainly, but should have infinitely preferred Mr. Bellasis's own narrative and remarks to notices and *réchauffé* criticisms, translated and reprinted from casual periodicals. Mr. Bellasis gives a formidable list of authorities (our own pages included), and we can but regret that so varied a store of information, the real particulars of Cherubini's life, have been so indistinctly brought out. We are made acquainted with his works, but are only half introduced to the man himself, and a very feeble excuse is given as to the reason why no letters of the composer found a place in the volume. Mr. Bellasis's success is not on a par with the zeal he brings to the task. Having discharged an unpleasant duty, we now proceed to notice the book in detail.

Mr. Bellasis follows the model of Halévy's essay on his old master in dividing the life of Cherubini into periods—a favorite method, by the way, of treating of the life and works of musical composers. Halévy's essay appeared in the *Moniteur des Arts* during 1845. His intention was to divide the maestro's life into four periods, but he died before completing the task. Mr. Bellasis makes but two divisions: the first, entitled "Theatrical Music," extends to 1808, the period of Cherubini's illness and subsequent retirement to the Castle of Chimay, in Belgium; the second, devoted to "Ecclesiastical Music," carries us down to his death in 1842.

Luigi Carlo Zanobi Salvatore Maria Cherubini was born at Florence on Sept. 14, 1760, a little more than a year after Handel's death, when Mozart was a child of four years, and ten years before the birth of Beethoven. Like so many eminent men, there have been numerous disputes as to the right date of the event. The prolix manner in which Mr. Bellasis treats this matter is a specimen of the way in which valuable space and the reader's time is unnecessarily wasted. He devotes two pages to detailing what various writers—too lazy to ascertain for themselves—have said as to the maestro's birth, and yet two lines would have sufficed to explain the various discrepancies. In 1842 Picchianti went to the Basilica of St. John the Baptist in Florence, paid a franc, and obtained official copies of the certificates of birth and baptism.

Cherubini's father was a harpsichord accompanist at the Pergola Theatre, and both his parents were Florentines by birth. In a notice at the head of a catalogue he compiled in his old age, he writes:—

I commenced to learn music at the age of six, and soon position when nine. I was taught the first by my father, Barthélemy Cherubini, and my two first masters for composition were Barthélemy Felici and Alexandre Bizzarri. After their death I had for masters Pierre Bizzarri and Joseph Castrucci. About the year 1778 I obtained from the Grand Duke a pension to continue my studies and perfect myself under the celebrated Joseph Sarti, with whom I worked for three or four years. By the advice and lessons of this great master I became well versed in counterpoint and dramatic music. After having been for some time with him, he permitted me to write all the airs for the second rôles in the operas he composed.

Mr. Bellasis, as in other places, gives the above extract in French, apparently forgetting that his book was intended for English readers. By the way, this odd method of interpolating airs still obtains in Italy. Favorite pupils are often allowed to try their prentice hands on a number, and commissions are frequently given to several composers to take part in the putting together of an opera. It requires no Wagner to show the absurdity of such an arrangement, or plead for the necessity of something like unity in conception. Cherubini modestly leaves these trifles out of his catalogued works; music thus done can be but rarely worthy of preservation. The boy must have been a genius, for before he was in his teens, it is recorded that, a violinist being absent from the orchestra at the Pergola, Cherubini took his place, and to the astonishment of Nardino, the conductor, played at sight the part of the missing fiddler with accuracy, although he seems to have had no special instruction on the violin. Meanwhile his father did not allow his general education to be neglected, and the youthful musician made good progress in mathematics and languages. The four years he devoted to the study of counterpoint at the school of the Felici was evidently the foundation of Cherubini's facility in writing. No one, now a day, would venture to confine himself to so dry a study for such a length of time; and yet, as Picchianti remarks—

He knew through his genius and exquisite taste how to draw from those dry exercises the greatest profit which a composer can derive from his studies, i.e., how to form his artistic individuality. And, in fact, besides the elegant and original forms, the clearness and purity of style, always employed by him even in his most trifling and least important pieces, there ever appeared something of an antique cast, whence he derives an absolute speciality, which may be considered as the most precious result to his early scholastic studies.

In 1773, heading his catalogue, comes a mass, the performance of which pleased his father very much. In the following year he wrote a second mass, and a cantata, *La Publica Felicità*, executed on the occasion of a fête in honor of the Grand Duke. In 1775 he composed a third mass, and several other large works, and in the following year he produced an oratorio—the name of which is not known, but which was performed in St. Peter's Church, Florence—and a *Te Deum*. The whole of these early works are now unknown, and Halévy (his pupil) who examined them, considered that "though everything announced the intelligent child, brought up in a good school, there was nothing to indicate the genius which was to reveal itself later on." Cherubini, whose voice was bass, learnt singing under Bizzarri; under Castrucci he mastered the organ and harpsichord. According to the custom of the day, he determined to carry out the systematic course of study marked out, by travelling through Italy, and making himself personally acquainted with the most famous musicians practising there. His father's means were, however, too slender to support his son during this period; but the talent of the young Cherubini having attracted the notice of Peter Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and afterwards Emperor of Austria, the royal patron offered at his own expense to send him to Bologna. Here he was cordially

welcomed by the renowned Sarti, who quickly discerned the genius of his new pupil. Sarti was an enthusiastic admirer of Palestrina, so much so, that he even made his pupils imitate the precise way in which the grand Roman composed, by writing at night in a large unfurnished room in which a lamp suspended from the ceiling showed only a glimmering light. Whether the music was any the better for the dimness amidst which it was evolved, is a matter, we may remark, *en passant*, open to very considerable doubt. Sarti was a strict disciplinarian, and allowed his pupils but little rest. Their sole recreation—if the term may be permitted—seems to have been the copying out of the works of the old composers. Cherubini kept up this practise throughout the whole of his life, leaving at his death no fewer than 3,166 pages of MS. of this nature. Although some may perhaps regard employment of this kind as a mere mechanical work, it is, we think, impossible to overestimate its importance, if observation accompany the task. This is the way to obtain a knowledge of style, tonality, modulation, and a complete mastery of that for which Cherubini was remarkable, viz., form. He who copies a painting in detail, understands all that which goes to make up the picture, far better than he who is merely satisfied with looking at it. So in music. The way the composer works, the form of his figures, the sequential grouping of parts, and the colors employed, are far better understood by the diligent copyist—provided he has intelligence—than by the mere listener. The enormous advantage that the classical Mendelssohn had over the romantic Weber was mainly the result of wide reading and diligent study. Weber, with his multitude of ideas, was (comparatively) ignorant of development, whereas Mendelssohn knew how to work each single theme in an endless variety of ways.

Sarti likewise permitted Cherubini to write the secondary airs and recitatives in several of his operas, and Denne-Baron, who examined the scores, declares that they "contain a crowd of beauties" by the pupil of the Italian maestro. Cherubini continued this custom of interpolating for many years. If a work of Paisiello or any of his contemporaries did not please the public taste, he touched it up and put pieces of his own into it: a vicious practice; and, as Mr. Bellasis truly remarks, "if a work cannot stand by itself on its own merits, the sooner it falls perhaps the better." In 1779 Sarti was appointed chapel-master at Milan Cathedral, and Cherubini accompanied his master to that city. Here he ended his studies proper. The method of training pursued was perhaps, according to modern light, cumbersome, and the theory of harmony was certainly misty; but nevertheless the progress, though slow, was entirely in the right direction; and at the early age of nineteen, Cherubini was rightly looked upon as one of the most accomplished musicians of Italy.

At the age of nineteen, Cherubini wrote for a theatre at Alessandria an opera entitled "Il Quinto Fabio." The commission for this had been obtained for him by his master Sarti. The work appears to have had no particular success, and two years afterwards he produced at Florence his three-act opera "Armida." In this, which was given at the Pergola during the carnival, the powerful style and complicated harmonies of the young composer, were apparent, but it was not to the taste of the Italians. We may be permitted to express a doubt whether this southern race will ever care for depth in music. Now, as then, the people love simple airs and simple accompaniments, they prefer their beloved cantilenas and floriture to the finest music of the greatest masters. The Italians have lost their power of writing in the grand old church style, and their schools now attract none save ambitious vocalists and composers who believe that melody is an art to be learnt instead of a gift granted to but few. "Armida" was followed by "Adriano in Siria," which the people of Leghorn pronounced "too learned." Immediately after this Cherubini

wrote Ten Nocturnes, six of which were first printed in London in 1786, with a dedication to the Marquis of Caiazzo in the fulsome full-bottomed-wig style of the period. Another opera, "Il Messenzio," about which nothing appears to be known, was succeeded by two duets composed for the third Earl Cowper, who at that time was living in Italy, and seems to have been a great lover of music. These pieces were written with accompaniment of two "amorschall," a kind of valved horn invented in 1760 by Kölbel, a Russian musician. In 1783 he composed at Rome a second "Quinto Fabio," and shortly after, the famous canon "Ninfa Crudele," which, Mr. Bellasis tells us, "owed its origin to the jealousy of several learned musicians, who were foolish enough to doubt whether Cherubini could solve a musical problem." "Lo Sposo di Tre," and "Marito di Nessuna" were brought out in the Autumn at Venice. The Venetians were so pleased with the composer that they called him "Il Cherubino," the "Indice Teatrale," considering his name as sweet as his songs. It is, however, possible that the appellation was given for his handsome face and frizzly hair, rather than for the angelic grace of his music.

In the following year, it is said that there was performed at the Church of the Jesuits, Florence, a patched-up oratorio, made up of sundry pieces of his operas, but nothing seems to be known of the pasticcio. "L'Idalide" was the last work Cherubini wrote for his native city: according to Denne-Baron he went from Mantua to Milan to place himself once more under Sarti, writing fragments of religious music.

Both master and pupil quitted Italy simultaneously, Sarti proceeding to Russia, while Cherubini left on an invitation to visit London. Passing through Paris, when the fierce contest between the Gluckists and Piccinists had scarcely ended, he made the acquaintance of Viotti, with whom he remained in friendship during his life. On arriving in London, Cherubini assisted at the famous Handel Commemoration held at Westminster Abbey, in July 1784, and after writing a few small pieces, brought out "La Finta Principessa" at the Haymarket. Happily for sacred music, Handel failed—through cabals—with his operas. Buononcini and the Italians kept the stage, and so Cherubini, belonging to the favored nation, was sure of a welcome. Mr. Bellasis only informs us that this opera was received "with applause." His second work, "Giulio Sabino," much to the annoyance of the composer, seems to have been a failure. Cherubini stayed here two years; his principal occupation seems to have been to interpolate new airs in old operas, a method of putting new wine into old bottles which belied the ancient proverb. He was appointed composer to the king, and was a favorite with the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), at whose réunions he frequently sang.

The theatrical season for 1786 being over, he went to Paris, and wrote for the Loge Olympique the cantata "Amphion." Here Viotti presented him to Queen Marie Antoinette, and afterwards to the highest society of the capital; for the moment he was all the rage, and became one of the lions of the gay city. Viotti also introduced him to Piccini and other musicians and poets resident there, and he became a member of the various musical societies then existing in Paris. Arnold says that at one of the "Concerts des Amateurs" he heard a symphony of Haydn's which pleased him so much that he began to study the works of that master, and—it is suggested—that he formed his subsequent style after the model of Haydn. We altogether doubt this insinuation. Cherubini must have heard symphonies by Haydn before this, and he had already formed his style long before this epoch.

The vacation being over, Cherubini returned to England to fulfil his engagement as king's musician for 1787. Dr. Burney notices him as a young man of genius, remarking that "he is now travelling fast to the Temple of Fame."

In this year he seems to have produced, or entirely re-written, "Giannina e Bernardoni," a comic opera originally composed by Cimarosa. On returning to Paris, Cherubini lived for three years with his friend Viotti. Mr. Bellasis has apparently been unable to obtain any particulars as to this period of his life. During the Carnival of 1788 he went to Turin, and there wrote his brilliant "Ifigenia in Aulide." The work was also given at Florence and Parma, and, according to the journals of the day, with signal success. Marchesi, the celebrated singer, gained great applause in this opera. After this, Cherubini left Italy for good, and Mr. Bellasis remarks:—

Although he had nearly reached the number of years allotted to Schubert, he had hitherto done little or nothing really great. Had he died at this period he might now be a rather obscure name in Fétis' immense dictionary. His genius, like that of Gluck, developed slowly. A short life would have been fatal to the renown of both. Yet, in the last opera written for Italy by Cherubini, Halévy detects something auguring future greatness. "This opera," he says, "differs in style from Cherubini's preceding works. He is already more nervous; there peeps out, I know not exactly how much of force and virility, of which the Italian musicians of his day did not know, or did not seek the secret."

Cherubini afterwards took up his definite abode in Paris, leaving it only for excursions more or less prolonged. There he lived and died, influencing in no small degree the taste of the people among whom he was domiciled.

(To be continued.)

The First Guerzenich Concert.*

(UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. FERDINAND HILLER, TOWN CONDUCTOR.)

The principal solo performer on the above occasion was Herr Victor August Wilhelmj. This gentleman has just attained his 29th year. He was born on 21st September, 1845, at Usingen, in the former Duchy of Nassau, where his father, Dr. Wilhelmj, practised as a lawyer. It proved of material importance for his education that his family moved four years afterwards to Wiesbaden. It was there that he received his first lessons in violin playing from Herr Fischer, subsequently *Concertmeister* at the Ducal Court. When ten years of age, the boy was able to play in public. At first his father was not much inclined to let him follow an artistic career, but he at length made his consent dependent upon the decision of a competent authority. This decision was pronounced in Weimar by Liszt, who instantly recognized young Wilhelmj's unusual talent, and personally handed the boy over to the care of the old master, Ferdinand David, in Leipsic. The connection between teacher and pupil was of the most friendly and affectionate character; and, indeed, the latter at last took up his residence altogether in David's house. In the year 1863 the young violinist made his first trip to Holland. Since then his fame has spread throughout the world; wherever Wilhelmj has appeared he has come away victorious. The fact is, he has reached a degree of perfection which puts the idea of inferiority to any one else entirely out of the question. Whatever he did on the evening to which we are referring was absolutely perfect. The refined and rich tone of his violin causes us entirely to forget its earthly descent from catgut and horsehair; his manual dexterity enables him to overcome passages of thirds, sixths, and octaves with the greatest ease and freedom from effort; the boldest feats appear to be mere child's play. It is, however, necessary only to see the man in order to feel: This man cannot fail. The confidence of his demeanor and the energy of his bowing at once re-assure all persons of anxious nerves. Concerning the details of what he did, little remains to be said after the general characterization of his style. First class manual dexterity shone in the smaller pieces: a "Fantasie-

*Abridged from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

stück für Violine und Orchestra" by Ferd. Hiller, and a "Paraphrase" by August Wilhelmj, on the Romance from Chopin's E minor Concerto, for Violin and Orchestra.

Hiller wrote the "Fantasiestück" some years ago at Wilhelmj's especial request, and, though Wilhelmj has often played it, it was only this evening that the composer first had the pleasure of conducting his own work. Hiller has understood how to offer the violin a basis which permits of its soaring free and unshackled into high, nay, the highest, regions, and enables it to display its mastery in the expression of different passions. Chopin's Romance was, of course, principally subordinated to the display of bravura; only such portions were selected as were adapted to bold evolutions, and yet the artist succeeded in imparting to his own additions a certain Chopinlike character. Side by side with manual dexterity we had, in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, deep musical intelligence. The last movement, with its saucy elf-like figures, we never before heard played with such brilliancy. It was not surprising that the wind-instruments had some trouble in keeping up with the ruler of the elves. We can here no longer speak of successful expression or of felicitous triumphing over difficulties; everything seems so light and so natural, that we absolutely see the delicate fairy forms dancing bodily before us in the silver moonbeams. It was thus that the *finale* must have floated before the mind of the composer himself; reproduction and production were blended into one incorporate unity. A wonderful cantilena flowed from the strings in the Andante movement; the silvery tones reached the ear so pure, so refined, and yet so full, that the entrance to the heart could not remain closed against them. We must, however, offer also our warmest thanks to the conductor and the wind-instrument performers. The conclusion of the Andante was a masterpiece of precise execution; such efforts are never forgotten by those who hear them.

The concert opened with an overture by Robert Volkmann, who is considered one of the first and most sterling musicians of modern times. He comes of a musical family; at any rate, his father was *Cantor* at Lomatzsch, near Meissen. According to the baptismal register there were born to this official on the 6th April, 1815, two twin sons, one of whom left the world immediately he had entered it, while the other exhibited all the more vitality, and received at the font the names of Friedrich Robert. Having been taught pianoforte and organ playing by his father, he was, as a boy of twelve, so far advanced that he played the organ during divine service, and, on an old piano, drilled the choir-boys in his father's place. He was to have been a school-master, like his father, but, in conformity with the advice of Herr Anacher, musical director at Freiburg, he went, in 1836, to Leipsic, for the purpose of entirely devoting himself to music. In the year 1839 he shifted his quarters to Prague, proceeding thence as a teacher of music to Hungary, which has since become to him a second native land. He has essayed his talent in the most varied branches of vocal and instrumental music: in symphonies; chamber music; *Concertstücke* for violoncello, violin, and piano; pianoforte pieces for two and four hands; and, finally, vocal solo pieces, and part-songs. The overture presented to our notice as a specimen of his talent was composed as a Festival Overture for the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Peth Conservatory. On such an occasion, many thoughts naturally dart through a man's soul; the composer would like to express his experiences, good and evil, and we feel that Herr Volkmann had the idea of such a review in his mind; but we are too little skilled in the interpretation of dreams, and too little acquainted with the history of the Peth Conservatory, to venture on any attempt at deciphering these musical hieroglyphics. We will merely remark concerning the construction of the piece that a sustained song-like introduction is followed by

a pregnant and energetic motive, and that, after the interchange of various phases of sentiment, the whole concludes with a kind of chorale, sung with their full force by all the throats of the orchestra. . . . Like some other composers, Herr Volkmann cannot be acquitted of the accusation of running after morbid originality.

To the chorus was assigned a part in the execution of Johann Brahms' "Schicksalslied," and they performed their task successfully, though with too little energy. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's "Eroica." The execution was here and there wanting in perfect precision, the natural result of its being the first performance of the season.—*London Mus. World*, Nov. 14.

The New Globe Theatre.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

Ever since the burning of the old theatre Mr. Arthur Cheney contemplated the rebuilding, and for thirteen months held the land vacant at an expense of twenty thousand dollars' rental and seven or eight thousand in taxes and incidentals. All through last season theatre-goers felt the need of another place of amusement, especially when plays were having long runs, and they daily read in the newspapers how stars of the first magnitude were passing us by on the other side to play in some more be-theatred city. At last one hundred and fifty public-spirited gentlemen became alive to the needs of the community, and, joining hands with Mr. Cheney, agreed to pay \$1000 each toward the building of the new Globe, they in turn to be entitled to the ownership of a seat until the expiration of the lease eighteen years hence, when the property reverts to Mr. A. C. Baldwin, the owner of the land. The rebuilding began on the thirtieth of last June, just a year and a month after the burning of the old Globe. The work has been carried on in the most substantial manner, and every possible precaution against a repetition of the disaster of May 30, 1873, has been taken. The total cost of the new theatre is about \$250,000; making about \$70,000 or \$80,000 over the amount obtained from the 150 subscribers, exclusive of the cost of holding the land over.

There is little in the new theatre to remind one of the old Globe. Though larger every way, it is even more drawing-room-like and cosier than its predecessor. On account of the late day on which the work was begun, the construction had to be pushed with the utmost despatch both night and day, but the architect, Mr. B. F. Dwight, has been untiring in his efforts to make the Globe the mode theatre of the country. With this end in view he has carefully studied all the most recent improvements. The result is that the theatre, both on the stage and in the auditorium, contains many features found in no other theatre in this country.

The auditorium has a height of sixty feet from the parquet to the dome, and is seventy-four feet deep from the curtain to the corridor, by eighty-seven feet in width. The curtain opening is 38 by 43 feet, and the proscenium-opening is 48 by 50. The principal entrance, on Washington street, takes up the first floor of an iron-front building, five stories high. The arched entrance is similar in shape to the old one, and has "Globe Theatre" in plain letters on the blocks of the arch. The entrance is twenty-five feet wide, nine feet being devoted to the orchestra, nine feet to the balcony, and six feet to the gallery, or family-circle entrance. As the floor of the theatre is several feet below the street level, there is a short descent to the orchestra stalls and a short ascent to the balcony floor. The stairway to the balcony is on the left of the passageway, and the descent to the orchestra stalls begins a little farther on. The entrance to the family circle is on the left, close to Washington street, and is entirely separate from the entrance to the main part of the house. There are entrances on Essex street and Hayward place, fifteen feet wide. Every part of the house has three exits, so that in case of an emergency the theatre could be speedily emptied. There are also entrances to the stage from Brimmer place. The ticket offices are on the left of the Washington street entrance, beneath the stairway to the family circle, and entrance to them is from the inside of the theatre. The auditorium is of horse shoe shape, very much like that of the Boston Theatre. Like the Boston Theatre, there are corridors extending around the

parquet and the balcony, affording pleasant lobby room; and the balconies have no supporting columns to break the view, being upheld by the massive corridor wall, through which the balcony timbers extend into the main wall. The timbers rest on stout posts, with stone foundations, and iron rods extend from these posts to the end of the timbers under the front of the balcony.

The divisions of the house are simpler than before, there being no parquet circle or dress circle. The seats are simply classified under the heads of orchestra stalls, balcony and family circle, while the boxes rank as proscenium, balcony and mezzanine. The first balcony projects much farther than the one above, the front of which is about ten feet farther back. The height between the two balconies is unusually great, affording room for the double tier of boxes which fill the space usually taken up by the dress circle, making a prominent feature in the house. In the lower tier there are ten boxes, known as balcony boxes. The boxes of the upper tier are twenty-one in number and are called mezzanine boxes. There are also seven proscenium boxes on each side. The auditorium architecturally consists of a dome supported by four arches, each arch forming one side of the room. These arches are very graceful in design, consisting of clustered reeds, held together by a spiral moulding ornamented with stars. These arches spring from columns in three orders, richly ornamented. One of the arches forms the proscenium opening, which is thus made to harmonize agreeably with the other three sides. The sides of the proscenium consist of double boxes on the level of the orchestra. Above these are single boxes, over which are two tiers of double boxes. These are richly ornamented. These boxes are enclosed in the orders of columns from which spring the proscenium arch. This arch is ornamented with rich carvings, two globes being on either side and an elaborate allegorical group in the centre. The dome consists of twelve sections with an elegantly decorated rim, and has a central open ring, ornamented with golden stars. The balcony fronts are of ornamental cast-iron work. The balcony and mezzanine boxes are ornamented with fancifully cut wood-work.

The body of the house is seated with cast-iron opera chairs, nineteen-and-a-half inches wide. They are upholstered with crimson enamelled leather. The boxes are seated with black-walnut chairs, upholstered with the same material. The gallery has benches, upholstered with crimson enamelled cloth. The parquet has only the aisles carpeted, but the balcony is carpeted throughout. The balcony is decidedly the court part of the house. It is only a few feet above the street-level, and the upper balcony being far above it and so much farther back, it has a peculiarly open aspect, half of the dome being visible from the seats nearest the wall.

The seating capacity of the house is about 2200. The orchestra stalls will seat 825, the balcony 475, and the family circle, 650. The proscenium boxes will seat 50, the balcony boxes 96; while the mezzanine boxes will each seat four comfortably, and can seat six. There is not a seat in the house from which a good view cannot be obtained.

The decoration is rich and tasteful, without being glaring or obtrusive. The principal colors are rose-color, buff, blue and gold. The walls have a warm ashes-of-rose ground, over which is an arabesque pattern in reddish brown and gold. The proscenium decorations are in rose-color, buff and gold; the heavy ornamental work being in gold, nicked out with carmine and ultramarine blue. The ribs of the dome are in gold, and the panels have a ground-work of a delicate light blue tint, over which is worked a dainty pattern in yellow and gold. At the lower ends of the panels are gold-banded medallions, with flying figures alternating with groups of musical instruments, against dark blue backgrounds. In the four corners, between the arches, are large medallions filled in with mezzotint copies of Thorwaldsen's four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The balcony ceilings are tinted in light blue, overlaid with a fine pattern in white. The balcony fronts are in gold, with backgrounds of rose color, and papered in dark crimson, with a rich satin-like surface. The walls of the corridors and vestibules are decorated in a warm buff, with a prominent pattern in brown stencil-work.

The arrangements for lighting and ventilation are very fine. The central light will be from a large crystal chandelier of 220 lights, with a corona or sun burner occupying the opening in the dome. There will be crystal pendants on the fronts of the proscenium boxes. There are circular ventilating

openings under both balconies, and from each of these will depend crystal drop-lights. The direction of the air currents will be from the back of the house toward the balconies, whence the foul air will be carried to the space above the dome and out through the large ventilating shaft. The lights in the ventilating openings will, to a great extent, assist in keeping the current in motion. The corridors are brilliantly lighted and on the posts of the black-walnut staircases are bronze statues, upholding clusters of burners. One of these is on the first floor and the other in the balcony corridor. All the gas throughout the house is lighted by electricity. The house is heated by steam, and by way of precaution all the coils are sunk below the first floor and cased in brick and galvanized iron.

The corridors make pleasant promenades for those going out between the acts. The parquet corridor has large plate-glass windows looking into the theatre. These windows are so arranged as to drop into the wall on crowded nights, when "standing room only" is the word at the box office. At the end of the parquet corridor on the left is an elegantly-furnished suite of apartments for Mr. Cheney, including an office and drawing-room. The ladies and gentlemen's dressing-rooms are connected with this corridor. The balcony corridor has a height of sixteen feet, with a gallery at half its height communicating with the mezzanine boxes. The balcony has an iron front, and is reached by a double staircase in the centre. On the left of this corridor, at the end, is the office of the treasurer.

The stage is superior to any in the United States, and is furnished with the very latest improvements known. It was built by contract by Mr. Bensen Sherwood of 151 West Twenty-fourth street, New York, the stage machinist of Booth's theatre, thence whom there is no superior in this country. A very remarkable feature is the building of the stage on a level, the conventional old sloping stage being abandoned for the first time. The great convenience of a level stage for the setting of scenes is obvious. The level stage is compensated for by giving the parquet an extra pitch. The depth from the footlights to the paint frame is sixty feet, and the extreme width 87 feet, being 24 feet more than formerly, and allowing a space of 26 feet for drawing wings and flats. From the footlights to the curtain is 6 feet, and the footlights will have a semi-circular sweep as formerly. The mezzanine floor is 8 feet below the stage, and 13 feet to the cellar floor. From the stage to the gridiron or rigging loft will be 70 feet, and the roof is 15 feet above this. There are 2 suspended fly galleries right and left, over the stage, the lower one 26 feet above the stage, and the working gallery 44 feet from the stage. There are 10 telescopic grooves to raise or lower to any desired height, constructed on a new and greatly improved plan. The surface area of the stage is 5220 square feet, divided into 27 openings. The largest section is only 3 feet long. No portion of the stage is larger than this, and the entire of the stage used for working purposes can be opened and closed at will in the presence of the audience. This will be effected by a series of levers from the mezzanine floor. There are 6 traps, 3 working bridges 24 feet long, 30 scene slots and a number of vampire and star traps. It is a perfect working stage in every respect, and fills all the requirements for the presentation of the most elaborate spectacle.

The drop curtain is of crimson silk with a heavy, richly-embroidered border of yellow. The curtain parts in the centre, and when open is caught up towards the corners. Above is a handsome lam brequin of the same material. The silk was made at the manufactory of Messrs. Cheney Brothers, Hartford and South Manchester, Conn. The act drop has an architectural scene by Voegtlin and Milhard Lewis.

In the rear of the stage is a five-story house, containing thirty-one dressing rooms, and comfortable quarters for the stage manager, Mr. D. W. Waller.

Wagner, the Composer.

HIS HOUSE, AND HIS THEATRE—MADAME WAGNER.

[Paris letter to the Philadelphia Press.]

The great composer of the music of the future is said to be rather ferocious in his avoidance of strangers, so it was with much diffidence that our young American, accompanied by a celebrated Western music publisher, ventured to present himself at the door of his dwelling to ask for admission. Wagner lives in Baireuth; his house, a present to him from the King of Bavaria, his royal friend and patron, is as peculiar as his genius. It is called Wahnfried (peace yearning), a name which is engraved above its por-

tal with a further inscription telling them how the owner yearned for peace and found it within. On entering the visitor found himself in a vast square apartment, or hall, rising to the height of two stories and lighted by a sky-light. Around this hall ran a gallery, into which opened the doors of the upper rooms. It was furnished with sofas and chairs, covered with leather and on either side of the four doorways opening from it on the ground floor were ranged statues of the various heroes of his operas, Rienzi, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, the Captain of the Flying Dutchman, etc., together with two busts—one of the King of Bavaria, and the other, oddly enough, of the French Prince Imperial, a present from his youthful highness himself.

From these apartments the visitor is shown into an immense, long, narrow room, lighted with a single huge bay window at one end; this room was lined with bookcases, and adorned with family busts and portraits. Here, also, were deposited various gifts received by Wagner from different royal admirers, and several embroidered banners as well, which had been sent to him by the different Wagner societies in various parts of the globe. The furniture of the room was odd and quaint in character. After a brief delay, Mme. Wagner (who is not only the daughter of Liszt but is the divorced wife of the celebrated pianist Hans von Bülow as well), came to introduce herself to the gentleman, and to apologize for the detention of her husband, who was somewhat of an invalid just at that time. Mme. Wagner is a fine-looking lady, with large brilliant eyes, and a most expressive countenance; she is an accomplished linguist, speaking French, Italian and English with as perfect facility as she does German, her mother tongue. After a brief time, passed in pleasant conversation with this accomplished lady, the door opened and Wagner himself appeared—an erect, dignified man with a military bearing, strongly resembling his published portraits. He greeted my young American friend in a kind and gracious manner, and hearing that he spoke German, while the gentleman who was with him understood nothing but English, he turned to him in a quick, lively way, and said:—

"Very good—then you and I will have a chat together."

So far from proving the repellent, *farouche* being that my friend had expected to find him from the accounts he had had of his usual reception of strangers, he was very animated and made himself very agreeable, talking much about his new theatre, now in process of construction under his personal supervision in Baireuth. This new theatre, wherein he expects to produce his opera of the "Nibelungen Lied," which takes three evenings for its presentation, is built according to his own ideas, and in internal arrangement it must resemble very closely our own Academy of Music. The parquet seats slope upward from the orchestra (which is sunk below the level of the stage) to the first tier, at the back of which are eleven boxes, the only boxes which the theatre contains, the upper tiers having none, and even the proscenium boxes having been suppressed.

"I do not want people to come to my theatre to look at each other's dresses and to chatter," said Wagner; "if they come at all, they must come for the music and for that only. Therefore, I have done away with the nuisance of boxes."

The stage is immensely large in proportion to the size of the auditorium, which only seats from fifteen to eighteen hundred people. Wagner asked if his visitor had been to see this theatre, and on his saying that he had, he expressed his disappointment at not being able to show it to him himself.

"You should have waited for me to go with you," he said. My friend, of course, dilated on the growing appreciation of the music of the future in America, and of the admirable way in which "Lohengrin" had been presented there. Wagner was much interested, and asked him many questions, being specially anxious to know if the people at large took any interest in his music, apart from the connoisseurs and the trained musicians. He also referred to the title given to his writings, the Music of the Future.

"Had I written like *this*," he laughingly said, and he hummed a few bars of some popular air, "I might have written the music of To-day. I prefer to live in the future, rather than to have lived in a brief popularity for the present and then to have passed away."

On his visitors taking leave, he expressed his great desire to visit America.

"Were it not for the great water," he said, "I should certainly go there."

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

More of the Programme Controversy

II.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES—THE OTHER SIDE.

The case must not be allowed to go by default in favor of your correspondent, who writes in the plural and claims to represent with the awfulness of vague uncertainty a cloud of "friends." The gist of his argument seems to be that severe musical programmes are administered to the public on exactly opposite principles to those which govern other public amusements,—viz., that they may be disagreeable to those who pay for them. It is the common defence of those who furnish the public debasing entertainments that the craving of the audience is the necessity of the manager. So generally is this recognized to be true, that the burden of proof certainly rests entirely with one who would contend that in this solitary case people are really bored and wearied by what they enthusiastically support.

There has been only assertion. Let me first make a counter assertion: That all art (even in its lowest form, the dramatic) requires for its enjoyment some education, and therefore some of that restraint which seems so insupportable to your correspondent. This education need not be technical, but may be

only an unconscious culture of taste before good models and under proper guidance. I do not doubt that the "music of the future" requires a technical knowledge for its appreciation, and may be, therefore, unfitted for popular performance; but it is claimed that the great masters appeal to that "sixth sense" dormant in the mass of mankind, the constant and early use of which renders it a source of exquisite joy.

And then passing to that comparison with foreign standards, which Americans are so meekly accustomed to receive as a *coup de grace* in matters of this sort, what if it should be asserted that the very continuance of a high musical ideal for so long a time and under influences so pure and wise, by whatever happy accident first introduced among us, has established a real taste here in Boston which exists nowhere else?

That there is a "natural depravity" in all the arts, few, I think, would deny, and mere self-pleasing has nowhere led to worse results than in amusements. Offenbach's operas in morals and in music are very fair examples of what simple amusement-seeking ends in; for, while they are almost the perfection of amusement pure and simple, they are probably the most absolute corruption to heart and taste that the world has seen since Pompeian days. Yet to this is the taste of the gilded youth of London and Paris reduced. Growing up, as we have done, under the influence of the Musical Fund, the Mendelssohn Quintette and the Harvard, I know I am expressing a feeling which cannot be uncommon in testifying to many an afternoon and evening of rare pleasure in the symmetrical classical programmes of Boston, chasing away worry and headache and enwrapping the spirit in what is the very border-land of religious feeling. And therefore I should regret that the want of a little patience and modesty should rob those who are succeeding us of such deep and true enjoyment.

There is no question of Mr. Thomas. His efforts are for money and ambition, and he is, as a shrewd entrepreneur, abundantly able to settle these matters with his patrons. But a shaft seems to be aimed by the "discontented one" at the established symphony concerts of Boston and at their zealous and enthusiastic director, to whom we owe so much and whose programmes are beautiful in composition beyond anything in the writer's experience. It is pretty well known what is to be expected from that cultivated but rigid taste; yet year by year, in a way for which no law of fashion can account, the Harvard concerts have met with such an encouraging success that the fact may be left to answer your correspondent more effectually than can be done by one who speaks for himself and a "few" friends, and who desires to disavow criticism by frankly confessing himself

IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

III.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

The "complaining concert-goer" would hardly dare to trespass again on your valuable space, were he not emboldened by the hospitality which he received last week. We have felt much flattered by the attention which our grievances have received, but also somewhat disappointed and even alarmed at the way in which our complaints have been misunderstood in some quarters, no doubt by our own fault, and for want of sufficient clearness. Thus in a certain weekly paper our remarks were interpreted as having for their sole object the expression of a wild and irrational wish to hear "Coming thro' the Rye" performed at symphony concerts; whether we were supposed to wish to hear this tune at every such concert, or only occasionally, does not appear, but an insane and untimely craving for tunes of a similar character was certainly laid to our charge. Now such proclivities are so foreign to our own musical taste, and to that of the friends in whose name we made bold to speak, and we should be so sorry to see this imaginary desire receive the slightest gratification, that we beg leave to say more clearly what our ideas and wishes were.

Judging by various signs, as one of which we instance a deplorable fondness for popular tunes which at times indiscreetly manifests itself among our most severely disciplined audiences, we have cause to fear that we of the public are in reality less musical than is supposed by those who administer our musical affairs. For one cannot but be struck by the great disproportion which exists between the degree of our musical proclivities and education on the one hand and the ambitious com-

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pp

No. 5.

WAR-MARCH OF THE PRIESTS.

Allegro vivace.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace'. The first system includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), *p*, *cresc.* (crescendo), *Ped.* (pedal), *p*, and *cresc.*. The second system features *fz* (forzando) and *fz* markings. The third system includes *fz* and *ff* (fortissimo) markings. The fourth system contains *Ped.*, *sf* (sforzando), *sf*, *Ped.*, *sf*, *sf*, *Ped.*, and *tr* (trill) markings. The fifth system includes *sf* and *fz* markings. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

mf cresc. f

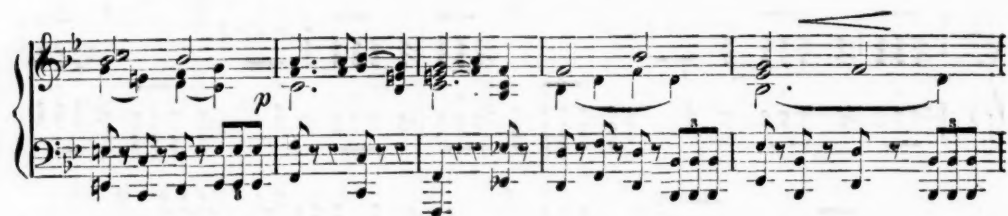
mf f sf mf f sf

f f_z f_z ff

f_z

pp

p



position of our programmes on the other, and this discrepancy becomes more striking when we look abroad and compare ourselves with other people who are musically more gifted and cultivated than we, and observe the general character of the entertainments in which their taste finds its gratification. One is consequently led to suspect that there must be some mistake which makes our people frequent and applaud concerts which cannot but be beyond their capability of appreciation. This mistake consists, perhaps, in a notion that music, as a scientific art, is a valuable means of intellectual improvement, deserving dutiful attention from all who are solicitous of mental culture. Hence the persevering zeal with which we listen to and at the first hearing applaud music, provided only it be music of lofty pretensions, whether good or bad; whether coming from a Beethoven or from a Berlioz. There is a desire to do our duty by music, as by history, hydrostatics or comparative anatomy; we aspire to understanding Bach and Wagner as well as Darwin, Agassiz or Renan. Now, such high aims in matters of pure intelligence are very praiseworthy and beneficial, provided only that we keep within the limits of our powers of comprehension; but in music, where the limits of our aspirations should be fixed not by our intelligence but by our capability of enjoyment, such ambition is a mistake; here if pleasure be not forthcoming the first object of music is missed; such concerts, therefore, as tax our endurance and fail to please are but a barren waste of time and money. No doubt it is well that our musical entertainments should be above rather than below the general level of our taste, such as it is, so that the musical sense that is in us may be raised and ennobled through the educational influence of good music; but the power to yield enjoyment must be held to constitute the most reliable guide in the choice of music which we are to learn to appreciate.

May it not be that the misapprehension which seems to exist in relation to music is to a certain extent fostered by some of our musical critics, who undertake to tell us what we must think and feel at our concerts? Do they not sometimes bring over-much brains and perhaps too little musical sensibility to bear upon their subject? It is no doubt difficult to write acceptably and intelligibly about music, precisely on account of the unintellectual character of the gratification which it affords; its province being to express what cannot be said in words, what language shall translate the impressions and sentiments to which it gives rise? One is sometimes led to doubt whether all these descriptions and dissertations, all this "throwing about of brains" on the subject of music might not well be dispensed with, as so much waste of time, labor and paper; to the musical rhetorician one is tempted to say, parodying the advice given to Rousseau by a Venetian lady: "Lascia lo musica e studia la matematica."

And yet we have, at home and abroad, examples which show how music may be made a profitable and entertaining subject for æsthetic essays by writers whose qualities of heart, as well as of head, fit them for their task. Hear what Scudo, to our mind a most charming and instructive writer on music, says of musical criticism; his remarks are not wholly inapplicable in our own time and place:—

Moreover, he says, we are not wholly satisfied with musical criticism as at present understood and practised, even by some of our most accomplished writers. It seems to us that there is a tendency to err in two opposite directions. On the one hand, an excessive use is made of technical terms, the language of criticism is overloaded with expressions which are unintelligible to the majority of readers, and pedantic dissertations take the place of appreciations of the externally manifest and striking beauties of music; on the other hand, we have clever writers, lacking, however, the special knowledge required for musical criticism, who are in the habit of depicting to us in more or less elegantly-turned phrases, the emotions produced by an opera, or by a symphony, and whose descriptive effusions are accompanied by commonplace utterances of sentimental metaphysics, which have no definite meaning, and leave the reader as ignorant as he was before. . . . Would it not be possible to give to musical criticism the special character without which it cannot be made instructive to artists, and at the same time to depart as little as possible from the language used and understood by all cultivated minds?

Perhaps our art-critics as well as our programme-composers sometimes forget that we are still in our musical childhood, and that we must be treated accordingly.

In conclusion, and in order that our too long communication may finally result in a definite statement of our notion of agreeable programmes, we will venture to express our own wishes, with

*Critique et Littérature Musicale. P. Scudo. Paris; 1856.

all the modesty, becoming one who does not forget that he is but a unit among the many hundreds whose taste seek gratification. In the first place, let us by all means have *symphonies*, which indeed constitute, as it were, the backbone of classical music programmes; but, to our mind, one symphony is generally enough, unless the second one be very familiar to the public, and remarkable rather for grace and beauty than for grandeur and severity of style. Then again, would it not be well that our symphony be given to us in the first part of the concert, so that we may enjoy it while our impressionableness has still some freshness, and before satiety has begun to dull our musical sense? Without going further into details, we will only say that our own predilections are in favor of such programmes as those adopted in Paris by Pasdeloup for his charming popular concerts, and by the famous Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. Let these be taken for models and we will not complain. One of these days perhaps we may be able to vie with Germany in the ability to enjoy music of the highest order in unlimited quantity; but, for the present, let us not be ashamed of being satisfied with such music as suffices for the gratification of the Paris Conservatoire audiences, and when we shall have learned to listen and to enjoy with the keenness of artistic discrimination and the vivacity of musical impressionableness there displayed, we shall have cause to be well satisfied with the progress we shall have made.

IV.

(From the Same, Nov. 16.

HEAVY CONCENTS.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

We beg leave to say one more word in answer to your correspondent of last Friday; his letter combines with other qualities the rare wit of brevity, and represents "the other side" with lucid arguments which cannot fail to find many sympathizers. Two objections, however, must be raised, after which, both sides having been heard, those who have taken the trouble to read our remarks will decide on the case in accordance with their pre-existing prejudices, for such, unfortunately, is the invariable result of all discussion.

In the first place, we did not advocate as the object of hearing music *amusement*, but enjoyment, which is very different; moreover we cannot see that such pleasure as we attempted to describe has in it any elements of "depravity."

In the second place, and here is the motive of our last communication, we wish to disclaim the personal application which your correspondent finds in our remarks. The "shaft," if shaft there were, was aimed not at our symphony concerts, nor at those who so ably direct them, but at a public which bestows equal applause on a Berlioz and a Beethoven, and thereby forfeits its right to such refined musical entertainments as are set before it. Your correspondent, being possessed of one of those good intentions which are said to serve somewhere as *paving stones*, seems to have used it in a way described in La Fontaine's well-known fable (see fable x. in book viii.), of which the moral is that nothing is so dangerous as an indiscreet friend.

THE DISCONTENTED ONE.

V.

(From the Same, Nov. 19.]

ONE WORD MORE.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

I have been commended for brevity, though I am quite ready to concede the "soul of wit" to my courteous opponent. In the consciousness of a restraint which has spared your readers much that was not to the point, I beg for a few words more to close this discussion on my part.

"Discontented One" did in so many words protest against the "usual composition of Boston concert programmes." An apology, and not a denial, would have been in place if he did not mean what he said. He has a very pretty literary taste, but his La Fontaine has surely led him astray. His "shaft" (or shall I say, with gratitude for his reference, his *pavé*), was certainly, as the abstract from the "Journal of Music" in your columns indicates, felt where it was actually directed, as well as at our visiting orchestra.

It is not true that no opportunity is afforded in Boston to hear music of another kind, as "Discontented Two" avers. Have we not had the jubilees (in which the heavy losses are a strange reproach

on the great class represented by these writers), dime concerts, concerts on the Common, numberless individual enterprises? The truth lies in the fact that the "new people"—and I wish to avoid the least contempt in thus describing an existing class—are constantly pressing forward in advance of their fitness for refined pleasure, and, not content with cheap and popular amusements, have really driven Mr. Thomas to "out-Harvard the Harvards." Well is it in our marvellously changing country that this ambition should exist,—only let the educational progress be properly regulated; and here perhaps is a worthy employment for Mr. Thomas, which our discontented friend and "B" may agree to recommend him, to make as it were a school for Mr. Dwight and the Harvards,—a more practical and hopeful solution of the difficulty than the lowering of an acknowledged pure and elevated standard.

To answer a verbal criticism, it is certainly the point chiefly at issue whether music need be only an enjoyment of so low an order as to be properly called "amusement," whatever word may have been used, or whether it does not give employment to the highest perceptions of man.

You have quoted words so able that it would have been the part of modesty to have left the case to a pen as brilliant in dialectics as in the composition of programmes, but all will be pardoned if these lines may be accepted as the introduction to an extract from what has been written by "a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during this century," himself no musician, but impressed with the great and solemn functions of music, to which, if we may open our full powers, it will only be in just that "conscientious pursuit of what is greatest and best" which is the rule in art as in morals.

IL FANATICO.

"Take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified—I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so there is also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter."—[John Henry Newman.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1874.

Harvard Musical Association.

The third Symphony Concert, Dec. 3, had for programme:

- * First Suite, for Orchestra, in D minor, op. 113, Franz Lachner.
- Prelude.—Minuet.—Theme with Variations and March.—Introduction and Fugue.
- * Tenor Aria. "Dalla sua pace," from "Don Giovanni," Mozart.
- George L. Osgood.
- Scherzo, from the "Reformation Symphony" (1830), Mendelssohn.
- * Song, "I greet thee now" (*Sei mir geglaubt*), Schubert.
- Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann.

Franz Lachner,—the Munich Lachner,—oldest of three brothers all distinguished musicians,—a man now of about 70 years, is certainly one of the most learned, genial and accomplished of the composers now upon the stage. He has, during the latter portion of his life, taken a peculiar fancy to moulding his ideas in the old pre-symphonic form of the

Suite of Bach and Handel's time, and has composed six of these elaborate works for orchestra, of which this one in D minor is the first. One part of it, the *Variations and March*, were once given here by Mr. Thomas, and made so pleasant an impression on us that we wondered how, when he could give us music at once so musical and new as that, he could be always seeking novelty among composers of so much less account. At length we have heard the work entire, and, in spite of a very fair objection which may be brought to its great length (considering that Lachner is by no means a Beethoven, nor yet a Schubert or a Schumann), it was received throughout with so much satisfaction, that an announcement of either of the other *Suites* would certainly be welcome.

The *Prelude* has a strong, nervous and exciting theme, wrought out in the healthful, rugged manner of the old time, with mastery of contrapuntal resources, fresh, richly and fully scored, taking possession of the listener at once and keeping it. With all its wealth of harmony it is everywhere melodious. Still more charming, and in finest contrast, is the *Mimnet*, for the softer instruments,—the gem, in fact, of the whole work. For fresh, buoyant and enchanting beauty it would hardly yield the palm to the Mendelssohn *Scherzo*, in the same form, which came later in the programme. The *Trio*, most ingeniously constructed, with the bassoons persistently repeating the same downward phrase of four notes, about which the other instruments keep up their play of free and graceful fancies, is most fascinating.

Then comes the short and pregnant *Thema* for variations. It has a flavor of antiquity; a musing, quaint, religious tone; a melody that enters deeply, haunts you and suggests variation. It is first given *pianissimo*, in unison, by violins and cellos; a synopated, winning motive, such as one loves to hear breathing from the depths of a great organ in a church alone. Then it is given in two-part harmony by violins and violas. Then (Var. 2) we have it in full string quartet, the bass keeping the melody, the other members of the quartet weaving in melodic phrases of their own. The third variation is slower and the strings divided into six parts. So far all subdued and thoughtful; now the whole orchestra comes in *con fuoco* with a more energetic modification of the theme. Then there are variations of all characters, some light and tripping, some grand and stately, and with interesting alternations of tone color, different combinations of instruments developing the thought in turn; in one a florid violin solo stands forth; then all the first violins run together in a rapid staccato variation; then *maestoso*, *tutti fortissimo*, with a Handelian pomp and majesty; then a musing Andante, with a lovely clarinet solo (exquisitely played by Mr. WENEN); again, with muted strings, another solo of the violin; and so on, ever shifting, and with fresh surprises, through not fewer than 23 variations, the last of which forms a preparation and transition to the *March*, which is grandiose and brilliant, but in the more common vein of Gounod, Raff, &c.,—in short the only portion of the work in which the composer compromises with the modern "effect-hascheri." Undoubtedly these variations are too many for the best effect of the composition as a whole; yet they appeared to be listened to with an unflagging interest.

The Introduction to the last movement is a subdued, broad, tranquil and rich piece of harmony, in which the tone colors blend with somewhat the same effect as in the opening of Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" Overture; and then starts forth a strong and spirited *Fugue* theme, quite in the vein of Handel, though the resemblance ceases in the subsequent development. The *fugue* is very skill-

fully and clearly wrought, and makes a noble ending to a work which held the attention for forty-five minutes; and which, though we should hardly venture to call it a great work of genius, is yet thoroughly musical and genial, and of such character that one can hear it with deep inward satisfaction even after the great masters.

The orchestra did their work admirably, having rehearsed the *Suite* very carefully. The same may be said of their lighter and more familiar task in the blithe, Springlike *Scherzo* from the Reformation Symphony. Mr. ZERRAHN had reason to feel satisfied with the result of his well-directed, earnest efforts (in spite, too, of what looks like a malicious conspiracy in certain newspapers to embroil him with his orchestra,—happily not successful). In the *Genoëva* Overture, one of the best of recent times, he seemed a little too excited, lashing the orchestra beyond the point of clearness in some parts; but in the main the Overture went well.

Mr. OSGOOD seems to have gained in fullness and solidity of voice, as well as sweetness, and sang that beautiful and noble tenor Aria (so seldom heard) from *Don Giovanni* with remarkable purity of style and feeling. Perhaps the tone, in melody so large and long sustained, showed some slight symptoms of fatigue toward the end; but on the whole it was a truly artistic and successful rendering. The song by Schubert, with Mr. DRESSEL's accompaniment, was indeed exquisitely sung.

In the fourth Concert (Christmas Eve) the "Walpurgis Night" will be repeated, after a First Part consisting of the short, sunshiny Eight Symphony of Beethoven, with some short piece for Christmas, and, by way of interlude, three short Marches [from *Nozze di Figaro*, *Die Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio*.]

The Thomas Concerts.

The "programme controversy" has not been fruitless. It seems to have had an influence even upon THEODORE THOMAS, resulting in a change of his third Symphony programme greatly for the better. As first announced it threatened us with two Symphonies; one of them being of the new kind, by Volkmann; the other Beethoven's C minor, and, to bridge over the interval between the two, a Raff Concerto! But the actual, reconstructed programme was, unless one should except the Raff, decidedly a good one. It opened with a sound, enjoyable old Overture, by the French composer, Catel, to "Semiramis."

Then came scenes from Gluck's "Orpheus," for solo voice, mixed chorus and orchestra:—a copious selection, embodying in fact, quite a *résumé* of the substance of the opera. To most of the audience, no doubt, this music, with the exception of a familiar Air or two, was new. But not a few, whose musical experiences date further back, had been made quite familiar with nearly all of it some eighteen years ago, as given in smaller circles, with the orchestral parts arranged for four hands, by Mr. Dresel. This time,—with so fine an orchestra, with the recitatives and arias in the part of Orpheus very beautifully sung by Miss EMMA CRANCH (albeit with too little of the magnetic warmth of feeling), and with the simple, but expressive choruses remarkably well done by the rich sounding and well balanced choir of two or three hundred voices trained so well by Mr. SHARLAND,—it made a fine impression. Many must have wondered that so much of the best influence of music could be realized with means and thoughts so simple as Gluck has employed. The melody throughout is all pure and simple, large and noble; nothing far-fetched; the harmony likewise. The only drawback is a certain sameness to our modern ears, which might well have justified more scrupulous selection. We could not help feeling that too many pieces of pre-

cisely the same tone and general character were given continuously from the first scene, the lament of Orpheus at the tomb, where the last honors are paid to his Euridice, with short passages of chorus and orchestral interlude in sympathy. This scene, even as we remember it with stage action at the Royal Opera in Berlin, always seemed to us a little monotonous. But it is all a sweet and natural expression of sorrow.

The second part is stronger and more rich in contrast. Those wonderful choruses of furies and demons disputing the entrance of Orpheus, with the short, stern instrumental preludes (called in the score *balletta*), and the gruff bark of Cerberus, are very simple, yet almost appalling. And as Orpheus pleads, how wonderfully the tone of the infernal chorus gradually softens and relents! A drowsiness comes over the stern chords; and their last strain becomes almost as peaceful and serene as the songs of blessed spirits at the end. Yet throughout the whole (as we wrote years ago) one musical motive, one and the same ever-repeated figure reigns, so that the change seems not one of form, but only atmospheric, imperceptible in its degrees.—It is in no spirit of fault-finding that we have to say, that several of those choruses and instrumental bits were taken at so fast a tempo, as to impair their grandeur; the bark of Cerberus was by no means so unmistakable as we have heard it.

The novelty of the evening was a new Piano Concerto, op. 185, by Raff, in three movements: Allegro, Andante, Finale. We could not, in a single hearing, find the composition very edifying; it is very brilliant, very difficult, full of modern effect, and in the Andante not without traits of beauty and originality. The triumph belonged fairly to the player, Mme. SCHILLER, who had learned it at short notice (Mr. Mills being in too poor a state of health to come on from New York,) and who performed the whole so admirably that she was recalled over and over with the most enthusiastic plaudits of the whole audience. The general mass of an audience are rather apt to clothe the thing performed with the "imputed merit" of an excellent performance; and that is probably one explanation of the phenomenon which so exercised the mind of the "Discontented One" in the first concert, when the same audience applauded Berlioz and Beethoven with equal ardor.

The glorious old Fifth Symphony was of course splendidly executed; but it is still impossible, for any one who knew and felt the work for years before we had anything approaching to a perfect orchestra for its interpretation, to wink at some wilful exaggerations in certain points of emphasis and tempo. In the first movement, the time was far from uniform; and as for that slow and "under-scored" first statement of the motive of four notes, before going on in the true time of the movement, we can be reconciled to it for once, (indeed it was the old Boston way of doing it); but when it comes to repeating the same thing in the horns, where they lead in the second subject, and this again and again, the effect is by no means natural or pleasant; one might leave something to the imagination or the understanding of the hearer! There were one or two of Beethoven's repeats omitted, and the grand March Finale was accelerated to a furious speed.—On the whole this was the most enjoyable of the Thomas concerts so far.

In his second Saturday Matinée (Nov. 14), Mr. Thomas gave the following selections:—

Overture, "Idomeneo,"	Mozart.
Prelude, "The Chorale, composed and the Chorale,"	whole adapted for Orchestra, Bach.
Fugue,	by J. I. Abert,
Aria: "Lascia ch'io pianga,"	Handel.
	Miss Emma Cranch.
Concerto for Flute,	Boehm.
	Mr. Carl Wehner.
Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus," (first time)	Liszt.
Overture, "Tanhäuser,"	Wagner.
Song: "Io t'amero,"	Campana.
Romanze, in G, op. 40	Beethoven.
	Played by all the First Violins.

Ballet Music: "Reine de Saba,".....Gounod.
1. Les Juives. 2. Les Sabines. 3. Reverie Arabe.
4. Ensemble. 5. Valse Finale.

We heard only a portion of all this, and can only speak of the refined and beautiful manner in which Miss Cranch sang the somewhat hacknied Handel Aria, making it fresh once more; and of the good impression produced by the Bach Prelude, &c., as presented in a new dress by Abert; although it shows the poverty of invention among our new composers, that they go so often to old masters for ideas. The Prelude is taken from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," No. 4, but with change of key; the Fugue is the well known G-minor Organ fugue. The instrumentation was effective, and the *Chorale*, for brass instruments, interpolated between the two, made an impressive contrast.

[Crowded out Thanksgiving week.]

Chamber Concerts.

MADAME SCHILLER'S Piano Recital at the Apollo Club Hall, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 12, drew a very full, appreciative audience, which bore witness to the high esteem which the artist and the lady have already won among us. Her programme was full of interest, exhibiting her rare gift and schooling to the best advantage. In a Sonata in C by Weber, full of the Weber traits, and challenging great virtuosity in the executant, she was brilliantly successful, keeping up the "Moto Continuo" of the Rondo finale with unflagging ease and evenness. Handel's fifth *Suite de Pièces*, ending with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, was very beautifully rendered. Best of all was the Schumann Sonata in A minor, for Piano and Violin, in which she had for partner Mr. WM. SCHULTZ;—a work which we have only heard before (if we remember rightly) in the concerts of Mr. Leonhard and Eichberg, but which can hardly be heard too often. This gave great delight, although not quite so happy in the rendering as the solo pieces.

The novelty of the concert was a *Suite* in E minor, op. 72, by Raff, consisting of a Prelude, Minuet, Toccata, Romanza and Fugue:—modern thoughts in a quaint, antique garb. We would fain hear it more before venturing to say how much we liked it; certainly it seemed to us one of the most original and interesting of the specimens we have yet heard of this prolific musical producer of our day. A concert *étude* ("Ricordanza") full of Liszt's usual vague and brilliant passage work, came next; and Chopin closed the concert worthily with his fascinating *Ballade* in A flat.

Mr. PERABO's first of two Matinées, at Wesleyan Hall, gave great pleasure to a select audience on Friday, Nov. 20. We were particularly pleased with his selection, for the opening number, of a Sonata to which we have been always partial as one of our earliest acquaintances—even as far back as college days—among the Beethoven Sonatas; one almost never heard in Concerts, while its companion piece in the same opus 47, the "Moonlight," is played always. This one, in E flat, is full of beauty of the most tranquil, serious kind, crossed by flashes of the impatient fiery nature, most typical throughout of the moody, deep, grand master. And Mr. Perabo played it with true feeling and consummate execution. The other two pieces (both of Sonata form and magnitude) we have barely room to make a note of. The first was a new Quintet for strings, by Richter, in C major, finely played by Mr. ALLEN and his associates of the Beethoven Club. It seemed a highly respectable piece of "Kapellmeister music," not very original or inspiring, but with a good deal of beauty in all but the final movement; the *Allegretto* (second movement) is in the quaint ballad-like, romantic vein of which Mendelssohn has multiplied the type so happily, if Beethoven created it. A Sonata by Rubinstein, op. 49, in F-minor, for the novel combination of the Viola with

the Piano-forte, is full of the young Russian's rugged strength and eccentricity, and by its fiery fantastic movements, especially the *Scherzo*, produced a marked sensation. It was well calculated to create a new interest in that modest, honest, and large-hearted "middle" instrument of the quartet of strings, and Mr. MULLALLY played it with great breadth of tone and real mastery.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB. The first Classical Matinée of Mr. BERNARD LISTEMANN and his accomplished associates, took place Nov. 30th, in Mechanics Hall, before a very appreciative audience. And it was one of the finest chamber concerts we have heard for many a day. The programme included:

QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 71.....J. Raff.
a Maestrichtschell, rubig, breitt.
b Sehr lustig, möglich rasch.
c Getragen.
d Rasch.

SOLO, for French Horn, Air d'église, (comp. 1867).

SOLO, for Piano. { a Allegro,.....Stradella.
 b Etude in E flat,.....Handel.

CHACONNE, for Violin,.....Chopin.
 Bach.

TRIO, B flat, Op. 87, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello.

Beethoven.

We would rather have had one of the good old Beethoven Quartets, (which, although once familiar, are too seldom brought within our reach of late;) but this one by Raff was not without interest. We did not find the German descriptive title of the first movement, ("Moderately fast, quiet, broad") precisely realized; on the contrary, the whole movement seemed of an excited, *agitato* character, and rather in the vein of the first part of the "Leonora" Symphony. The *Scherzo* was indeed "very merry" and about "as fast as possible." The third movement, marked "getragen" (*sostenuto*), was quite pleasing. As for the execution, it was a masterly specimen of quartet playing; nothing smoother, purer, or more full of vital accent, fire and delicacy, have we had the privilege of hearing here before. The party consisted of Messrs. B. and F. LISTEMANN, Mr. E. GRAMM, an excellent viola, and Mr. HARTDEGEN, who has come back to us a riper and more finished and expressive master of the violoncello than he was two years ago.

Mr. ADOLPH BELZ has the sweetest, purest and most even tone, and the most consummate mastery of the French Horn that we have ever heard. He made his instrument sing that fine old church air of Stradella ("Pietà, Signore") with a human expressiveness that would content you in a good tenor singer. It was all chaste and beautiful, without any false sentimentality or claptrap. Mr. Listemann's rendering of that noblest and richest of all purely solo compositions for the Violin, the Bach *Chaconne*, was truly superb; in breadth of tone, and a certain sustained and even grandeur, Joachim exceeds him, but hardly in any other respect.—The piano selections were interpreted by Mr. LANG; that happy little, bright *Allegro* from Handel, with which he pleased so much last year, was played more exquisitely than ever; and that almost impossible *Etude* of Chopin, with the wide arpeggio chords, kept up unflinchingly, all came out clearly and effectively. For the conclusion of such a feast what nobler than the great B-flat Trio of Beethoven? Verily the king of Trios! And as it was given by Messrs. Lang, B. Listemann and Hartdegen, what better could we wish?

The second concert comes next Monday afternoon, and with the following programme:—

1. Quartet, in A major, Op. 41, No. 3.....Schumann.
2. Andante, for Flute.....Mozart.
 Mr. Eugene Weiner.

3. Solo, for Piano.

a Menuet, from Miniatures.....Rubinstein.

b Nocturne, from Album de Peterhof.....J. Raff.

c Menuet, Op. 126, No. 1.....J. Raff.

4. Romanze, for French Horn.....Pergolesi.

Mr. Adolph Belz.

5. Trio, in C minor, Op. 102, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello.....J. Raff.

Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. Our esteemed townsman, and genial interpreter to us so many years of the highest kind of German Song, who left us in an extremely poor state of health a year and a half ago, has been heard from. He is passing the winter in Stuttgart, improved upon the whole in physical condition, but not yet sufficiently certain of his strength to venture to return to us at present. It is good news, however, that he was able to take part in a concert given in Stuttgart, on the 6th of November, by another Boston favorite, Miss ANNA MEHLIG; and there he had the honor and the satisfaction of introducing songs of Robert Franz to a German public which hitherto had manifested little interest in them. They were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and Franz songs have since been the rage in Stuttgart. Our readers may be curious to see the programme:

1. Trio für Piano, Violine und Violoncelle, B-dur op. 67.....L. v. Beethoven
a) Allegro moderato. b) Scherzo. c) Andante cantabile. d) Allegro moderato.
Frl. Mehlig und die Herren Singer und Krumbholz.
2. a. Widmung, op. 14, Nr. 1.
b. Romanze op. 35, Nr. 4. } R. Franz
c. Für Musik, op. 10, Nr. 1.
d. Im Frühling, op. 22, Nr. 3.
e. Willkommen mein Wald, op. 21, Nr. 1.
Herr A. Kreissmann.
3. a. Nocturne, des-dur.....Chopin
b. Warum? Fantasie-Etude.....R. Schumann
c. Präludium und Fuge. G-moll.....Bach-Liszt
Frl. Mehlig.
4. Andantino für Violoncelle.....Fr. Schubert
Romanze.....C. Schubert
Herr Krumbholz.
5. Rondo, H-moll op. 70, für Klavier und Violine.
Frl. Mehlig und Herr Singer.
6. a. Ich will meine Seele tauchen op. 43, N. 4.
b. Er ist's op. 27, Nr. 2. } Franz
c. Die Harrende op. 35, Nr. 1.
d. Mailed op. 33, Nr. 3.
e. Er ist gekommen op. 4, Nr. 7.
Herr A. Kreissmann.
7. Don Juan-Fantasie für Pianoforte.....Fr. Liszt
Frl. Mehlig.

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAMMES. The *Vox Humana*, a popular musical journal, joins hands with us in our protest against the way in which most "popular" programmes are made up, in these timely words:

"In the next place the programmes are inartistic. Scrappiness will spoil any banquet. A musical performance should be a recital, a classical concert, a symphony concert, a ballad concert, a chamber concert, or some fixed, definite thing, and not that absurdity a miscellaneous concert. The people would then know what to expect. The lover of piano music would not be bored by a string of ordinary songs while waiting for the piano, and the song-lover would not fret over 'that tiresome piano.' The listener who revels in the high art of a string quartette would not be vexed with trivial flute solos, and the lover of grand symphony would not have his dreams shattered by the pipings of some opera singer who should have retired into private life some years ago. It is the 'bric-a-brac' character of our concerts that is hurting the good cause of music. People visiting a picture gallery do not come to see Swiss carvings, Egyptian mummies, plaster casts, and mechanical drawings mingled with the pictures. Remand each to its museum, showcase, school, and art store, and then we shall know where to find things, and that fitness of things, that is as eternal as art itself, will be preserved."

A musical journal asks: "Who invented the Crescende?"—Who invented *sound*?

BACH IN WORCESTER (MASS.). The *Palladium* Dec. 5, tells us:

Mr. B. D. Allen gave the first of his series of five lectures on Friday evening of last week, his subject Bach. It was listened to by a good sized audience,—considering counter attractions elsewhere,—who gave close and interested attention to the close. Mr. Allen treated his subject in a way to deeply interest and instruct all, and it was illustrated by vocal and instrumental selections from the great master's compositions, given by Mrs. A. H. Davis, and Messrs. C. R. Haydn, F. F. Ford, G. W. Sumner, E. L. Sumner, G. Arthur Adams, and Mr. Allen. The numbers chosen were the great Concerto in D minor, for three pianos with orchestral arrangement for a fourth, Liszt's transcription of the organ prelude in A minor; "My heart ever

faithful," a sacred air sung by Mr. Hayden, and a sonata for violin and piano. All the music was wonderfully fresh and inspiring; while the concerto and prelude were tremendous in their grandeur. The immense and continuous difficulties of Liszt's transcription became mere playthings in the hands of Mr. Allen, and the concerto received an interpretation long to be remembered. We here attempt no report of the lecture, but with pleasure announce to our readers that we have prevailed upon Mr. Allen to consent to the entire publication of the lecture, which will appear in our next issue.

CAMILLA URSO. An exchange gives the following as to this true artist's method of practice:

Every day she takes an hour for slow and patient practice in making long-sustained notes. This is to obtain a strong, pure tone. Then she plays scales and finger exercises of all kinds for two or more hours, and then such sonatas and other great works as she uses in her concerts. In all this she never hurries, never gives any particular expression to her music, and seldom plays up to the full time in which the piece is written. Everything is played slowly, carefully and thoughtfully. When the long practice hours are over and she comes upon the stage to play, all thoughtful effort is abandoned, and her emotions control the music. The practicing was mere mental and technical work—the performance the blooming of a great genius in music.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is credited with these remarks concerning foreign music teachers: "They give their pupils no rest. It is to the interest of the teacher to do so, for when a new comet rushes forth the question is, 'Who was her master?' It is the best card in the world for him, and he knows it, and puts in his best. When Grisi first appeared, the question ran through Europe, 'Who taught her?' and the teacher was run down with pupils. True, he never produced another Grisi, but he has brought out a good many voices. Then there was Wartel, who gave us Nilsson, but that was his greatest feat. He has done nothing since, for there are but few who can stand his exacting method. He would break an American girl down in no time. Why? Because our American damsels don't have the physique, and will dissipate. It is nothing in the world but an absolute waste of money for young American girls to go to Europe. They have completely demoralized those foreign teachers, as Americans have demoralized Europe. There are the Milan masters; they do their biggest business now swindling American girls. They tell them lies about their voices, and coddle them up with great ideas as to their future, and all just to get their money out of them. Why, these girls have only to hint that they come from America and they are taken in most woefully. I tell you, sir, it is a down-right shame." "And do you really think they can be educated here?" "Most unquestionably. They have only to practice self-denial and study incessantly and hard, and the day would not be far distant when the voice of the foreign opera singer would no longer be heard in this land. Do you know, I am fairly disgusted with our people for running after foreign singers as they do instead of trying to bring out our home talent? Naturally, American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. No country on the earth produces finer natural voices, and if the people of this vast and glorious republic would only encourage our girls to perfect their musical education, and the girls would only give up their folly and cultivate their bodies and taste, we would soon have as fine opera as the foreigners produce."

[From the Transcript.]

OUR MUSICAL SEASON. That Boston is a musical city no one who looks in upon the great Music Hall audiences on alternate Wednesday evenings and Thursday and Saturday afternoons can doubt. And in addition to the two series of concerts referred to (the Thomas Symphony and Saturday matinee and the Harvard Symphony) we are soon to see the new Globe Theatre, risen Phoenix-like from its ashes and filled with the warblings of Mr. Strakosch's song birds and doubtless also with an audience, nightly, of delighted listeners. Then we have our old Handel and Haydn Society, which will soon take the field again in the particular province it has chosen for itself, and which has brought so great a measure of renown to its honored name. One or two new works are in contemplation by this society the

present season, besides the reproduction of some smaller and lighter works, those which were received with special favor at the recent triennial festival of the society. We have our Apollo and Boylston clubs, and also two new clubs or organizations of mixed voices—the one the "Cecilia," numbering about one hundred voices and composed mainly of prominent members of quartet choirs, in the interest of the Harvard Musical Association, under Mr. Lang's direction, the other a fine chorus of some two hundred voices, the mature and well-versed Highland Musical Society being taken as a nucleus, to which are added many members of the Boylston Club and some sixty or seventy of the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. Sharland. Both of the latter have made their debuts and both have been received with favor. Each of the careful and pains-taking directors may well feel proud of the measure of commendation which has been freely accorded them.

We have our two or three quintet clubs of instrumental performers, and our smaller quartet clubs of vocalists. We have resident among us individual vocal artists equal to any requirements of the concert room or of the severer oratorio school.

The Thomas Orchestra is perhaps as fine as anything to be found in any of the cities of the Old World, having been brought by its accomplished director to a high, perhaps the highest state—nearly reaching perfection—which it is possible to attain to. Mr. Thomas guides and controls his men exclusively throughout all the months of the year, thereby gaining absolute mastery over them, and moulding and shaping individual members of the same to his will until the result is, as stated, a nearly perfect orchestra.

Not so the Harvard Orchestra. Here we find perhaps as fine a body of musicians as are gathered under Mr. Thomas's baton, but they are brought together under very different circumstances. They are, to a great extent, from our theatre orchestras, where each little band of musicians play nightly under a different director, and when brought under the baton of Mr. Zerrahn they come as so many individual musicians and not as an orchestra. That some imperfections are the result of their performances under such circumstances no one need deny; and yet when we see remarks like the following, in speaking of the performance of the Mozart Symphony—"The lovely andante became almost coarse from the absence of an appropriate expression in its performance;" and this remark—"Mr. Zerrahn has an unfortunate propensity to conduct all music alike; whether it be Mozart, Beethoven or Schumann, he gives the same color, or the same lack of color to all," and this about "a remarkable apparent oblivion to the meaning of such necessary things as phrasing and expression;"—we say when we see such remarks as have been quoted, so untrue in fact and breathing such a slurring spirit in their every phrase, we are constrained to believe that something more than a desire to serve the public in pointing out that which is good and to which we should cling and render support, as separated from the chaff which we should spurn and avoid, actuates the writer.

The Harvard Orchestra, under Mr. Zerrahn's direction, have been brought into a very creditable condition, as their performances the present season abundantly show to any fair-minded and critical listener, and we doubt whether Mr. Thomas himself, with all his experience, could have done more than has been accomplished by Mr. Zerrahn.

Why are these comparisons? The field is wide enough for all, as it would seem, for each is satisfied with the support it is receiving. Why compare orchestras or choral bodies? No jealousies exist on the part of any of the organizations themselves, that we are aware; or if so, why fan the flame? Let us get what good we may from all, and let us encourage and support all, that good may come to us in return.

L. R. B.

The original model of the stone instruments used in the ocarina concerts, recently given at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, has been found in a cavern of the Haute-Garonne, by E. Piette. He describes it as a neolithic flute; it is formed of bone pierced with two well-made holes, and was discovered in a layer of charcoal and cinders, alongside of flint implements of neolithic types. Evidences have before been obtained of the existence of the arts of engraving and sculpture among the stone-using folk of Gaul, but this is the first testimony that has transpired to show that they were sensible to the divine influence of melody.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Vocal Beauties of "Don Munio" by D. Buck.

"Don Munio is a Romantic Cantata of most interesting character, both in the 'Story' and in the 'Music.' The following five pieces are for 'Solo' talent.

1. Aria. Within my Chamber. *Soprano.* 50
5. E to G.
2. Aria. In the Woods. *Baritone* 50
4. F to d.
3. Aria. The Shadows deepen. *Tenor.* 40
4. F to G.
4. Duet. Dews of the Summer night. *Contralto and Tenor.* 4. Ab to a. 40
5. Quartet. It is the lot of Friends to part. 4. F to G. 40

Ship Boy's Lullaby. 2. A minor to f. *Romer.* 30

"Calmly, calmly is he sleeping,
Tho' the waves run high."

A very sweet ballad, in excellent taste.

King and Beggar Maid. 3. A to e. *Levey.* 30

"And the marriage bells did ring
With a ring a ting a ting!"

O, prettiest of beggar maids! O, jolly king! O, merriest of old-fashioned ballads!

Treasured Friendship. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. *Wyatt.* 30

A smooth and musical quartet and solo.

Good Enough. 3. C to G. *Howard.* 30

Hannah.—"It's good enough for Hannah."
Pete.—"It's good enough for me."

Good enough and bright enough for anybody.

The Raft. 4. G to G. *Pinsuti.* 60

Also published in E for Alto voice. It is a grand descriptive "scene" and, sung with proper feeling, should be a great success in the concert room.

A Flower that bloomed. [Fleur qui se fane], from "La Princesse de Trebizonde." 3. F to f. *Offenbach.* 30

"O joy! Ah! happy heart!"

A crisp, natty little French song from the new opera.

Sleep, my baby, sleep and dream. Cradle Song. *L. O. Emerson.* 35

"Darling, little one; good night!"

A charming "go to sleep song."

Instrumental.

Marche Heroique. 4. Ab *Mme. Giovanninni.* 60

The "heroic" quality is carried out by a succession of powerful chords and octaves, which, however, occasionally give place to quiet, sweet passages, which relieve the piece of heaviness without injuring its dignity.

Little Fraud. Polka. 3. C. *Maylath.* 40

A neat arrangement of a favorite song.

Chant du Nord. (Song of the North). 3. A minor. *Lange.* 35

Has the tinge of melancholy which seems to belong to northern music, but is, nevertheless, very sweet.

Quadrille from "Princess of Trebizonde." 3. *Krakauer.* 40

Pretty, neat airs, strung together for dancer's use.

Racoczy March. 6 hands. 3. C. *Kretschmar.* 35

What a convenience it would be to have 6 hands! But as that cannot be, get two friends to practice it with you. It is very enjoyable and effective.

Absolvirt. Polka Française. 3. D. *Leitmeyer.* 35

Very peculiar and pretty. Played principally with a light wrist movement.

Fox Chase. Galop. 3. G. *Steiner.* 30

Well named, and is bright enough for any revel of the jolly hunters.

Colonnen Waltz. 3. *Strauss.* 75

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

